The
COMMONWEAL

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What We Mean by Planning

FOR SEVERAL WEEKS in these columns we have been lamenting the lack of post-war planning for our national economy. Perhaps some of our readers have wondered what there was to lament, since the newspapers are so full of advertisements extolling the dream-world of tomorrow and since any number of prominent persons have rushed into print to inform the American public of their own pet solutions for our problems to come. It is essential that Americans should understand very clearly two things about all this advertising and talk. Most of the advertising is pleasant trickery of the same sort with which we used monthly to be confronted in the popular scientific magazines, with their fancy imaginative drawings of the "city of tomorrow" or the "countryside of the future." We agree thoroughly with Mr. J. Gordon Lippincott, an industrial designer, who is seriously alarmed at the effect that this advertising is having on the public mind: "The public is being shown marvelous pictorial renderings, and is told of the tremendous strides that industry and science have made during the war. The public is being educated to expect the magical world of tomorrow, abounding with the streamlined products that industry really can produce today. And in my opinion terrific sales resistance is being built up among prospective purchasers of products during the immediate post-war period. . . . We are living in a dream world unless we recognize that if we are to avoid a major post-war let-down in production and employment, with its consequent economic depression, manufacturers must begin now to redesign their products to make them acceptable to an educated public; and industry must be permitted to begin the retooling that will require from six months to a year."

The second thing to remember is that exalted gentlemen's views and ideas as to how to effect the transition to a peacetime economy are useful only to the extent that they are implemented both by business and by government. Here is the problem in a nutshell. We are at present using our existing industrial plant more or less to capacity and we have added to that plant $14,500,000,000 worth of new plant, built for war production and financed by the government. With all this, we have achieved something near full employment—with some 8,000,000 men drained off to the armed forces. Of course the places of a great many of these have been taken by persons who in peacetime would not be industrially employed—principally women. But the essential fact remains that it has required the full use of our existing facilities plus a tremendous wartime plant expansion to give us full employment, and the amount of peace production which will be needed to accomplish the same end fairly staggers the imagination. It will have to be greatly in excess of anything we have ever dreamed. This is all to the good if that production is channeled and made absorbable by the people—for it is the people who in the long run must absorb it. To do this job of channeling means that we have to know, at least roughly, what the people want to buy and how much. To find this out means that both government and industry will have to collaborate in the most imaginative type of research, and once the research is done, an over-all plan will have to be worked out and implemented by legislative action as well as by firm commitments on the part of business itself.

What is going to be manufactured, for example, in the vast airplane plants? The demands of civil aviation cannot possibly absorb more than a small fraction of our present aviation production. Are we simply going to let this large plant capacity turn into something for the local kids to throw stones at? Officials of aircraft companies are privately assuming that this is exactly what we will do. The same question could be asked about fully one-half of our new, publicly financed, productive capacity. Already the newspapers are telling us of shutdowns in aluminum refineries. Machines and buildings idle, and that many fewer jobs. It is this specific approach, on the part of

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agencies capable of responsible action—business and government—that we need. And so far we haven't got it. We have drops in the bucket and a lot of people "working" at the problem. We need much more if despite military victory we are not to lose the war.

Opening Gun for Full Employment

GENERAL MARSHALL seems to have kicked up a fine hornets' nest with his alleged blast about the recent steel and railroad labor trouble adding fuel to nazi propaganda, staving off internal uprising in Europe and adding thousands to American casualties. It is a little difficult to see how all these gruesome things could spring full-blown from the rail strike, which did not come off at all, or the partial steel strike, which lasted a day and knocked off production from 93 to 81.3 percent of capacity. This is not to deny that war strikes are sabotage and that no-strike pledges are worthless unless they are kept.

It would be sad to delude ourselves, however, about the quantity of dynamite concealed in the cloud of rising tension that veils current demands for wage increases by a large section of strategic American labor. Most disturbing is the statement of Chairman W. H. Davis of the War Labor Board that "the alarming thing to me is that we do not know whether Congress is going to run out on its own economic stabilization policy or not." In the midst of this public uncertainty labor—in the person of Philip Murray, CIO and steel workers president—has given notice that it at least knows what it wants, namely immediate increases plus a minimum annual wage based on a minimum weekly wage which is based in turn on 40 times the average hourly rate.

We think this idea of the minimum annual wage is an important innovation to American collective bargaining. Frankly, we are all for it, particularly in the postwar world, when the problem of how to maintain full employment will begin to hit us like a slow-falling ton of bricks. The value of raising the issue now, however, is that for the time being at least employers can well afford to trade some kind of annual guarantee for a rain-check on wage increases. Then, once the idea has gotten a firm toe-hold, it will be much easier to keep or regain it in the peacetime world, where wage security will be one of the key factors in building a sound and durable economic structure.

For the individual enterprise, even in a highly seasonal trade, the Hormel Packing Company of Austin, Minnesota, has put proof in black and white that intelligent planning *can* put an end to job and wage insecurity. It is an encouraging note that Hormel lives in peace and harmony with the CIO under a closed shop contract. So what on earth is preventing American capital, labor and government from putting their heads together over the problem of stabilizing wages, prices and profits now—and hereafter? What indeed but the intelligence and the will?

Dreaming up plans for the conversion of war plants is not enough. We must keep those plants running on a full-time basis. And there is no hope of doing the latter until we all tackle the basic problem of figuring out what exactly are the just wages and just profits that go to make up just prices. All NAM talk about taking off the shackles and letting American business "do the job" notwithstanding. We are not forgetting '29 *et seq.* quite so quickly.

Argentine Education Decree

SCHOOLS in the United States generally have so signally failed to meet the problem of religious education that we are in no position to take a superior attitude toward the efforts of other countries in this vital field. There are none the less several items in Arnoldo Cortesi's New Year's Eve cable to the New York *Times* from Buenos Aires that give pause.

The decree making the teaching of the Catholic religion compulsory in all Argentine primary and secondary schools is simultaneous with another edict banning all political parties and political activities. There is, then, to be no political opposition, while the teachers of religion are to be appointed by the government and approved by the Church. The Argentine population is predominantly Catholic, but where parents are not Catholics and ask that their children be excused, the latter must take instead "moral instruction," presumably again from government appointees. The set-up for statist indoctrination looks watertight.

These are delicate matters. For the past sixty years public instruction in the Argentine has been secularized. "Release time" catechetical work was specifically permitted by law, but apparently it was never widely undertaken. It would seem that a State whose people is predominantly of one religion properly provides in its school system facilities for instruction in that religion. The danger is that political régimes will use religion for their own unholy ends.

That is the peril of too close identification of Church and State. And resentment against the dictatorial Ramirez régime will also turn against the Church, which appears as a supporter of injustices, violence and repression. How grievously has the Church suffered of late from this phenomenon in certain Latin countries! Was it not Benito Mussolini himself who restored the crucifix to the Italian classroom? The preamble to the educational decree declares that one of the principal duties of the Argentine Congress is to convert Indians to Catholicism; a phone call to the Argentine Consulate in New York revealed that there are no Indians in the Argentine Republic.

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Geneva

IT IS NOT that there is always blue sky there and the white swans and the white sails on the blue lake. It is only that there is freedom there, that nothing has happened to freedom there.

Of course you would have to be able to get transportation but, even if you could get it, there would be no use going to the cities which are destroyed, to the cities which are captive. No use if you wanted to go back to what you knew. If anyone wanted to go back to Lübeck this would not be the time to go back to Lübeck. When a city is destroyed you cannot tell what it will be like when it is rebuilt if it is rebuilt ever. For the moment, it is destroyed. For the moment, a certain number of cities are destroyed and a great number of villages. And if anyone wanted to go back to Paris this would not be the time to go back to Paris. Paris is not destroyed. The buildings are there in the winter, the dark streets in the winter evening, the island dividing the cold dark waters of the Seine. And even freedom is there, but hidden in the hearts, concealed in the secret action, cherished in silence. There would be no point, yet, in hoping to find it in the streets. If you could go back to Paris now you would have to hide the freedom which you brought with you, you would have to know where to go before you could show it, you would have to know with whom you were speaking before you could share it. You would bring with you the word freedom, the word hope, but you would know they could not be spoken aloud. It is not the time to go back to Paris, nor to Brussels, nor to Warsaw, nor to Prague, nor to Vienna, nor to Rome. If we go back to those cities—to Milan, to Lyons, to Marseilles, to Louvain, to Rotterdam and Ghent—if only for an unprotected moment, if only in memory, it will be to be caught in the suffering of their inhabitants. If we go back only to the roads, the poplar bordered roads, the system of canals, the rivers, if we go back only to the countryside, with the winter evening falling over the nameless towns in the valleys, over the villages to which a road leads in the hills, it will be to enter dark landscapes, darkened homes. It is not the time to return to Europe unless we have the courage to take into the mind more suffering than the mind can hold.

But there is Geneva. The snow drives in flurries across the gray waters of the lake; the wind drives the snow against the empty palace of the League of Nations; in the wind and the snow the Cathedral stands dark above the narrow streets, the streets that turn into stairways rising from the new town by the lake to the old town on the hill. In the square before the Cathedral the trees are bare of leaves; the tall houses and the ancient church break the wind; the snow falls gently, covering the cobblestones in the silent square. One might still return to Geneva.

In 1917, in the other war, I would be coming back to Geneva from a hospital on the French front; the train would be coming back through the night; the train would stop for a long time at a great many stations; the soldiers would be asleep in the corridors of the train and some would stand in the corridors, smoking. At the junctions the train would shunt back and forward in the night; you would look out the window and there would be a man swinging a lantern; there would be a sentinel standing on the station platform; the door of the station canteen would open and you would see the soldiers sleeping on the benches in the canteen. As the train drew near to Switzerland the soldiers would be waking each other up at the stations; they would lift up their heavy packs; they would help each other pass their bundles out the window of the train; they would say good night, Miss; they would get down on the platform; the station master would blow his whistle; the train would go on in the night.

No matter who lived in a place, no matter what friends lived in a place, no matter what the place was like in the daytime, when the station employee walked along the platform calling the name of the station in the night, the name—no matter what it was—took on all the fatigue of the night, of the train, of the war. The soldiers would get off the train at Ambérieu-en-Bugey, at Culoz, at Bellegarde. The train would be nearly empty between Bellegarde and Geneva. The train would go through the narrow gorge of the Rhone, beneath the Fort de l'Ecluse, and then in the dawn there would be the villages of the Geneva countryside, for just a few miles the villages with their churches and their vineyards round them, the rolling open country between the Jura and the Alps, and then it would be the city and the bridge crossing the lake where the lake gives passage and an outlet to the river Rhone.

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It is not just because the symphony still plays in Victoria Hall, not just because the Swiss soldiers mount guard at the frontier and have not been attacked, that one could return to Geneva. There is the absence of war, but that would not be enough. Geneva has not been bombed, but that would not be enough. There is the flower market, the statue showing Geneva joining the Swiss Federation, the Wall of the Reformation, with Calvin and Knox looking into the public gardens, the Société de Lecture with the old gentlemen reading in silence, the university students meeting at Landolt's—that would not be enough. There is in Geneva, unbroken, not challenged, undiscussed, the calm assumption of freedom.

FRANCES FERNEY.

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The Party Line in France

The mutations of French Communists

Paule Berault

"ABOVE ALL, the Party has shown absolute firmness, changing its tactics three times in succession since September, 1939, without the least sign of a fissure." Such are the words of André Marty, Communist ex-Deputy from Paris, member of the Politburo, words recently spoken in Algiers, and proudly recalling the line of the French Communist Party. It is precisely this continuity of *line,* underlying changes in *tactics* that I here wish to analyze, dividing it into three periods: (1) from September, 1939, to June, 1941, because this period was dominated by what seemed to many (even to certain communists) the scandal of an about-face: namely, the German-Soviet pact—a pact which French Communists defended at once as skilful maneuvering and as a symbol of their inflexible ideological line; (2) from June, 1941 (when Germany went to war against Russia) to January, 1943 (when Grenier arrived in London), a period during which was built up the new tactics of the National Battle Front for the Independence of France; (3) from January, 1943, until now, when we have seen, first, the Communist tactics of supporting General de Gaulle, followed by a more subtle policy in Algiers.

The German-Soviet pact was concluded on August 23, 1939; the reaction was violent. As early as August 24, the executive committee of the CGT (Confédération Générale du Travail) passed a resolution to the effect that the committee "cannot approve the signing of a non-aggression treaty completely free of reservations"; whereas on August 25, *Humanité,* official organ of the Communist Party, warmly congratulated Soviet Russia. On August 26, the Daladier Government had copies of *Humanité* and *Ce Soir* seized as harmful to the defense of the nation; on September 26, the Government issued its decree for the dissolution of the Communist Party. Maurice Thorez, called up for military service in a regiment of engineers, deserted and disappeared; Marty, who had failed to obey his mobilization orders, was soon to write articles in Moscow's Soviet press defaming France. On February 20, the Chamber of Deputies unanimously voted to unseat 60 out of the 74 deputies in the Communist delegation; 14 were to remain untouched because of their attitude of loyalty to their country—13 had left the Party and the fourteenth had resigned his seat in December, 1939. To be fair, it must be added that of these deserters from the Communist Party, several became collaborationists—which goes to show how difficult it is, when you are used to taking orders from a party organization, to get along without a party and a line. After the defeat of France, how was this attitude explained, an attitude which had looked like betrayal of the enemies of nazism? On August 28, 1940, *Humanité,* printed underground, celebrated the anniversary of the German-Soviet pact "which consolidated peace in Eastern Europe," and a special number issued during the autumn of 1940 begins with an editorial by Maurice Thorez and Jacques Duclos: "The French people understands, sees that we were right in opposing the imperialist war, that war which led our country to catastrophe, to defeat, to occupation by the enemy." "Once again we alone are right," screamed Communist youth.

Here is the pattern of argument used to justify the Communist tactics: the war declared against the nazis in September, 1939, was merely an imperialist war, a war of English imperialism in which the French served as "soldiers of freedom"; it is a war of class interests and not a war in the interests of peoples; for the causes of the war, according to the Communist interpretation, were either antagonisms between imperialisms or antagonisms between imperialist powers and the "Socialist Fatherland."

Now Soviet Russia alone could wage war in the people's interest, which means not only the interest of *its* own people but of *all* peoples. Why? Because Russia is not a country like other countries; not being divided by class interests, she acts only in the interest of her whole people, and thus can patriotism and internationalism be at the same time superposed and blended. The true patriot is he who serves no particular class interest, but who is a revolutionary, for to be a patriot, in 1940 as in 1789, is to be a revolutionary—that is, is to revolt against the present order and seek to set up socialism.

Whence there sprang an easy justification for the German-Soviet pact. The pact at once demonstrated the power of the USSR, with which Germany was obliged to reckon, and the fact that this

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Soviet power sought to preserve peace in the interest of the peoples. In short, what the Soviet government wanted to preserve from bloody adventures was the achievement of the Russian proletariat, and hence the common heritage of the proletariat in all countries; "In order that the Soviet model may serve as a sturdy guide in the national and social struggle, it is essential that it be not shaken by the stresses of war." Thus Communist propaganda, which was by no means ignorant of the strength of patriotic feeling in France, especially after the defeat, hastened to create a close bond between French popular patriotism and friendship for Soviet Russia.

After June, 1940, France's defeat was exploited as a proof after the event of how right Russia had been in signing the German-Soviet pact. But this defeat and the reasons for this defeat—which was entirely blamed on the attempt to force Frenchmen to fight for interests other than their own—were the principal elements in the new propaganda of the Communist Party. The French had waged war on behalf of the English middle class; now the Vichy régime wished to enslave them to a new European order, which was in substance the interest of German capitalism. Surely true French patriots should clearly understand that their real interest lay in not fighting for anyone else; they should fight for their own liberty and independence alone: "Our Party is adamant against any attempt to renew the slaughter of Frenchmen, be it under the standards of de Gaulle's Cross of Lorraine or under the Swastika," said *Humanité* on November 7, 1940; away with Gaullism, away with collaborationism, not a cent, not a man for the imperialist war; "Keep France out of the struggle"; such were the catch phrases of Communist propaganda during the winter of 1940-41.

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At the same time as the Communist tactic was harping upon the national interest of the French people as a popular mass and the necessity for linking it to Soviet interests, it was shifting its former class propaganda into a patriotic propaganda of national unity. The Party understood very well the strength of the idea of national unity, of that feeling on which Pétain leaned when he asked the French to rally round him, of that feeling which was to gain more and more strength among the various resistance groups. For the Communist Party the purpose to be achieved had a double advantage. For one thing, it would depict the Communists as the "Party of foresight and bravery"; thus the Communists had foreseen everything that had happened and had not become discouraged under the "persecution" to which they had been subjected by the Daladier government; hence we must have confidence in the Communist Party and follow its directives. For another thing, and this was the second advantage to be gained, proof was supplied of the bungling incapacity of the other political parties, "of the rotten politicians who have gone bankrupt," "of parties bogged down in the mud of compromise." National unity was necessary; popular feeling required it; hence the Communists rushed in to help build it to their own advantage, since their Party alone was to remain organized and strong and able to supply a framework for the bewildered masses. "Frenchmen, unite in a free and independent Party. In order to achieve the resurrection, liberty and independence of France, rally, rally, rally around the French Communist Party." Thus the old leitmotif of a united front for all workers swelled to include a united front of all true Frenchmen.

With the entrance of German troops into Russia, this period of opposition to the war abruptly came to a close; now began the period of participation in the war for which a propaganda centered upon the idea of the nation had in some measure laid a foundation. The cry of liberty, independence and French withdrawal from the war was followed by a cry for lofty and aggressive patriotism. The first undertaking consisted in seeking from the bulk of the resisting population acceptance of the Communists as true patriots, as the best patriots, as the heart and soul of resistance. The united front of true Frenchmen became the national front, a change in name which admirably suggests the shift from a patriotism of independence to a fighting patriotism. As early as May, 1941, the French Communist Party launched the idea of the National Battle Front for the Independence of France, appealing to everyone, "without regard for social condition, philosophic belief, religious faith or political opinion."

During the second half of 1941 and the year 1942, the progress of this movement was rather slow, at least in the so-called free zone, for the organisms of resistance had been set up before this new Front had been created, were independent of it; and distrust as to the purity and above all as to the independence of its patriotism was still lively. Communist appeals for the National Front cited the need for unity against the nazi efforts to separate Frenchmen, by sowing distrust among them, weakening them, dividing them the better to enslave them. However, we must "unite in order to act," for only action could liberate; the argument that the German-Soviet pact had insured peace in the East and had preserved the common heritage of all the peoples was followed by the argument, maintained from thenceforward, that "no Frenchman can forget that the participation of the USSR in the struggle against Hitlerism will prove to be one of the essential factors in the defeat of the nazis." This propaganda

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ended in the actual establishment of the "National Battle Front for the Independence of France" as early as July, 1941. This organizational committee drew up a program of fighting and sabotage at every level of national activity. A new manifesto drew attention to the establishment in November, 1941, of a committee of the same National Front for the non-occupied zone. In this manifesto, with its detailed instructions for action, such as the erection in every locality of National Front committees, we for the first time, at least to my knowledge, find specific reference to the followers of de Gaulle and their London organization: "The National Front greets as a pledge of joint struggle and union the recognition by Mr. Maiski, Soviet Ambassador to London, of the National Council of Free French, under the leadership of General de Gaulle."

We were likewise asked to believe that England, along the way, had changed the nature of her war, for after having been imperialists and exploiters of French blood, "the peoples and the armies of the British Empire . . . fight for a cause which is the same cause as that of downtrodden France." Praise was also given to the Potomac declaration of August, 1941, which was a promise of freedom for all the peoples, even though it were the work of two imperialisms, one of them ancient and the other in course of development. A Communist Party tract issued toward the end of 1941 summons every variety of citizen to immediate action—even housewives and mothers. In May, 1942, a declaration of the French Communist Party renews exhortations to unity around the National Front by appealing to national feeling and to the need for every man's fighting in order that each may be entitled to that democratic and republican freedom promised by the Roosevelt-Churchill conference.

How did this policy of the National Front work out in practice? First of all through a skilful propaganda applied at various social levels. It seems that up until the time of the total occupation of France after the American landings in North Africa (November, 1942), this propaganda by means of various social levels succeeded best of all among members of the liberal professions. I have myself seen a whole series of underground papers with such titles as: *l'Université libre, les Lettres françaises, Le Médecin français, l'Art français.* If this propaganda made headway in the republican middle class, it encountered, on the contrary, distrust and refusal in labor circles. The CGT remembered with bitterness that "in September, 1939, Soviet Russia betrayed the cause of free people . . ." and a Christian labor union manifesto of early July, 1941, called for "a great French working class movement . . . independent of all entanglements foreign to the French working class," as well as a Europe in which the nations should "at last be freed of the chains of brown, blue or red totalitarianism." The *Vie Ouvrière,* which went underground in September, 1939, nevertheless continued to be the organ of the former labor leaders who followed the Party line. Naturally *Humanité* remained the Party's central organ, stating its doctrine and instructions. And I might mention as other examples of specialized propaganda the *Voix des Femmes* and *France d'Abord,* which principally contained directives for immediate action, agitation and sabotage.

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In the second place, the summer and the autumn of 1942 saw organized the struggle against workers' levies, and then against their deportation to Germany. And together with this efficacious and necessarily immediate struggle went a campaign against delaying action until the allied armies should be at hand. The *Université Libre* for November 10, 1942, compares the beslippered strategists who sit back and listen to the radio while they await J day and H hour, when the Allies shall land, to the strategists at some small town bar. The strategical difference which we have seen openly manifest between Mikhailovitch and Tito is precisely the same as the opposition between those who preached delay, as well as a husbanding of resources, and Communist tactics in France. The Communists wanted action, immediate, spectacular action. They hurled reproaches at those who weighed losses of militant fighters and who put great emphasis upon the lives of the young men thus sacrificed, accusing them of forgetting the "real conditions of the warfare waged by the invader against an oppressed people," which signified that their opponents were forgetting the women and children who were dying of starvation and the prisoners of war who were dying of tuberculosis. A tract published later in 1941 asserts that "the year 1942 must be and will be the year of deliverance. All we need do is to will it . . ." and sets forth an enthusiastic description of a country entirely populated by guerillas, flooded with protest against the enemy in occupation and the police, harboring a peasantry in arms against requisition, crowded with workmen striking and sabotaging, well supplied with militant mothers breaking into and pillaging fashionable restaurants . . .

The underground paper, *France d'Abord,* is the Communist organ for "news of the movement of French patriots for the freeing of French soil"; whereas the paper, *Francs Tireurs et Partisans,* makes known the exploits and assigns the tasks of terrorism, continuously summons men to action, to an action ever more violent, ever more spectacular. In certain instances

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such as the strike called in Lyons on October 18, 1942, against the posting of lists of workers singled out for deportation to Germany, unity was readily achieved: the strike call was signed "Combat — Franc-Tireur — National Front — Libération—French Communist Party—French Labor Movement." Moreover a long tradition of disciplined underground fighting throughout all France peculiarly fitted the Communists to lead this kind of activity.

In the end the Communists' propaganda for the National Front was bolstered up by the proofs of their patriotism given by the militants and by their action against the occupying forces. Arrests of Communists were frequent, and their execution as hostages took place constantly. The memory of these martyrs is frequently renewed in the underground literature of 1941 and 1942. A specimen of this is a long account of the death of the Chateaubriant hostages, executed in October, 1941, shortly after the escape of Grenier; frequent references to these and to others appear, regardless of whether these hostages were selected from among working class or intellectual, especially scientific, groups. The imprisonment of Langevin, the anniversary of the death of Gabriel Péri, a member of the Chamber of Deputies and the editor of *Humanité,* executed at Mont Valerien in the autumn of 1941, were tirelessly used to hammer home the genuineness of the Communists' patriotism, of the need for the nation's rallying around the Party. The scuttling of the fleet at Toulon in November, 1942, carried out with the unanimous consent of reactionary officers and revolutionary sailors, produced lively enthusiasm because it gave such evidence of national unity. The women's manifestations at Montpellier, at Sète, which indeed were organized by the Communists themselves, were put to constant use in proof of the existence of a common front. Despite these vast efforts, and what we must grant was persistent and often heroic labor, the underground press remained, until January, 1943, largely free of Communist influence.

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In January, 1943, the arrival of Fernand Grenier in London—Grenier, who was Communist Deputy from St. Denis and a member of the Central Committee of the Party—confirmed the Communist Party's adherence to de Gaulle's Committee. Let us bear in mind that this Committee had been recognized by Russia on September 28, 1942, "as the only qualified [agency] to organize the participation in the war of French citizens and territories." Said Grenier: "I am the delegate of the Communist Party and I shall remain in London. I expect to work in the various departments of the Fighting French." This straitened and more formally admitted linkage was accompanied by a shift in the propaganda of the National Front. Thenceforward it advocated not "committees of the National Front" but "committees of the Fighting French," which made it possible for the Communist Party to absorb into a common front organisms of resistance which until that moment had remained outside the organizations of the National Front. "Everywhere there should be set up a powerful National Front through the establishment of committees which shall include all the forces of a Fighting France." At the same time the policy of supporting de Gaulle became an outright policy of supporting a de Gaulle *government.* Not only did the Party call for the establishment of a "de facto government able, with the necessary authority, to represent France—the whole of France—fighting side by side with the Allies"; not only did it believe that "the real government of France is the French Committee for National Liberation" established by the Giraud-de Gaulle agreement; but the Party worked out an even more precise formula: "A French government with de Gaulle as head of the government and Giraud as Commander-in-Chief . . ." From the very day when the Communists declared their adhesion to the Fighting French, they systematically worked for the erection of a government. Only recently they asserted that the French Committee for National Liberation is "the government of the Republic." And they never miss a chance to repeat the formula of Russian recognition (August 26, 1943): the Algiers Committee was recognized "as representative of the state interests of the French Republic."

At the same time during the year 1943, the Party intensified the struggle in France against the deportation of workers and made use of it to enlist *Francs Tireurs* and *Partisans.* For this purpose they leaned upon the words of General de Gaulle: "National liberation is inseparable from national uprising." The Communists renewed, giving it extension and explaining it, the struggle undertaken in 1942 against the advocates of delay within the body of French resistance: the policy of delay is criminal, for deliverance must come from within; delay destroys movements of resistance, for an organization which does not actively fight, and in fighting does not constantly make recruits, by that very fact loses out. Above all recruits must be made, for to make recruits is at the same time to organize them. Not only is it necessary to maintain the Party, but also to enroll the masses. Women's committees, patriotic factory committees, united labor organizations (effected by the absorption of the *Vie Ouvrière* group in the CGT), Patriotic Youth Front . . .

Constant agitation kept patriots on the alert, and above all it made it possible to organize

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them. For their part, the *Francs Tireurs* and the *Partisans* broadened their military action, claiming to be the advance guard of the army of liberation and demanding from the Algiers Committee a mobilization of all Frenchmen fit for armed combat and of every sort of means to help them in their fight. The spectacle of immediate, military warfare, of an armed people, of liberation thanks to efforts from within as well as to armies without, is vividly described by Maurice Thorez, Secretary General of the Party, in *Pravda* for November 26, 1943, and in the *Daily Worker* for November 27; in this same article he finds fault with the slowness with which this organization was being effected. The Communist Party's newspaper in Algiers, *Liberté,* on November 25 published an article by Marty called "The French Front" in which he described "men impatient to wage war, today's war, total war . . ."

Thus if the Communist *line* in action is repeatedly asserted and sharpened in the same direction, the line of *political thought* is no less rigid. We find repeated in the Communist press in Algiers the same exaltation of the Party as appeared in the underground press in France during 1940-41. Again the same analysis of its foresightedness and of its power of penetration by means of its philosophy and its analytic method: "The French Communist Party, molded in the harsh discipline of the Communist International, is . . . an assemblage of men and women penetrated through and through by the Marxist-Leninist teachings, by the teachings of Marx, Engels, Lenin, Stalin, the power of which springs from the fact that they are true."

From this Truth of which the Party is possessed, two consequences spring. (1) Communism has forfeited nothing of its philosophical and historical materialism, and hence the Party remains rigorously faithful to its doctrine; it opens its ranks to everyone on condition that all "respect the Party's discipline by scrupulously carrying out its decisions and by making no attempt to spread propaganda within the Party in favor of philosophic conceptions differing from those of the Party." Thus can we discover the true meaning of the dissolution of the Comintern: the Third International has fulfilled its historic mission of guidance in the molding of Communist Parties, and of Communist Parties which "have learned, from Lenin and from Stalin, the importance of the national question in the general movement toward the emancipation of mankind." To the teaching of the Communist International does the French Communist Party owe that foresight which "under the most difficult circumstances has always been able to discover the road to the real defense of the present and future interests of the French people." The various Communist Parties, having developed "a solid doctrinal homogeneity," are linked together precisely as are the various Catholic churches in different countries. (2) The second consequence is the Party's attitude with regard to participation in the de Gaulle government. The Communist Party asserts that "the Committee of Liberation has an absolute right to consider itself the government of the Republic," but at the same time holds that the Party, which is basically the Party of France, "alone is qualified to name its representatives." "If the Communists go into the government, this is not the adherence of one man, but rather of the body of all the Communists and of those who place their faith in the Communists." And it is a part of the duty of de Gaulle's government, if it wishes to act as a true national government, to welcome "men sprung from and linked to the masses, representing the masses' great patriotic organizations." In a press interview, in which questions were asked him as to the difficulties over Communist participation in the government, Florimond Bonte answered: "The only conceivable reason to explain this silence is the pressure of certain men representing the interests of the monopolies and not those of the nation."

It is too early to make a final judgment concerning the motives of Communist policy, but from their tactics of demanding immediate action while at the same time refusing to make any statement on post-war policy, their tactics of wanting to participate in a government while at the same time taking advantage of the obstacles put in the way of such participation, may we not conclude, with some likelihood of truth, that the Communists' support of de Gaulle is merely an episode in their policy, de Gaulle being for them only a means to the realization of their Party line?

Dream of a Skater

In the news of a Canadian airman dead in the snow,
She saw his face, remembered from long ago.

She from the neighbor south, who hated the wintry
And foreign weather of the middle country,
Sat at the ringside of a hockey game.
She neither knew nor cared to know the name
Of one in slim black trousers and gray sweater,
From the neighbor north, a Canadian skater
With silver skates upon his slender feet,
Gliding over the ice in Mercury flight,
With a silver whistle in his mouth, among
The heavier, padded players in the ring.
And when the girl looked at his dark French face,
She admired impersonally his dancing grace,
And thought, If I had not come here I would never
Have seen him, this man I shall remember forever.

And she went home, that night of long ago,
To dream of the dark slim skater dead in the snow.

IRMA WASSALL.

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The Pope's Plea for Personalism

A summary and commentary on the latest encyclical

H. A. Reinhold

DURING the coronation of our present Pope, back in 1939, I spent a whole night in an armchair listening to the long celebration in St. Peter's, Rome. I was out in Seattle, almost half around the globe from Italy. The transmission was poor, but one thing in all the droning and crackle came through with impressive monotony. The constant repetition of the schola's singing of *"Tu es Petrus"* at the Alleluia, at the Gospel, at the long processions at the Offertory, and at the Communion of the solemn coronation Mass. It was as if this ancient Mass, taken from St. Peter's own intonization day, January 18, with its unending repetition to his present successor, Pius XII, was divesting the new Pope of being Eugenio Pacelli and changing him into Peter himself. How any mortal could live through this and not almost feel that he was Peter, I cannot conceive. It must have "done something" to all of Peter's successors, this solemn, repeated, persuasive and suggestive "Thou are Peter!"

The timelessness of his office in fast changing times and his consciousness of being Peter are plainly visible in our Holy Father's encyclical on the Mystical Body. Through the impersonal style of the weighty Latin of the Congregation of Briefs, there appears some of the intense piety, of the direct consciousness of being singled out as Peter among the other Apostles, of being responsible for, and vested with, supreme authority which results from the character of Eugenio Pacelli, become Pius XII. The very fact that this encyclical comes at this time of turmoil, with its consciously quiet voice, like the still, small voice that spoke to Elias, shows not only the intensely "religious" character of this Pope, but above all his true timelessness. Peter speaks, not Pius.

We heard Churchill's quiet, unconcerned and deliberately easy voice after the fall of his only ally and at a time when everybody saw England doomed, some with anxious sorrow, some with hostile gloating. When we heard that voice, we knew England would win, even if in blood, sweat and tears, and we felt that this hour was England's greatest. Many a time we had heard the screaming and ranting, the gloating and sneering of that other man—now we knew where real strength lay. Thus there is strength in the solemn and quiet periods of Pius telling of the Mystical Body, while the freight yards of Rome burn and freedom knocks at Italy's door with a mailed fist.

If one may say so, no Pope could ever have been better prepared to speak on this mystery than Pius XII. Did he not live through the great spiritual upheaval which followed the first world war in Germany, when the liturgical and youth movements stirred up heated controversies? Was he not there when the liturgical movement was put to its severest test, because German thoroughness scoured it deeper, drew more conclusions, stirred up further implications and produced a wider scientific and historical argumentation than in any other country hitherto affected? Not everything went smoothly then and some shots in the dark missed their aim altogether. It took a diabolical persecution to make their leaders concentrate on essentials and to smash through the last crusts of opposing inertia and suspicion. Reading through his long, scholarly and solemn document, the initiated mind lives again through those times of excitement and struggle. With sorrow we realize how little of that glorious period seeped into the outside world. Had it not been for Virgil Michel, the great pioneer, we might never have known here the contribution free German Catholics made, when given a chance in a free Germany. One day the names of Ildefons Herwegen, Carl Adam, Romano Guardini, Ernst Michel, Karl Neundoerfer, Karl Muth, Philip Funk, Odo Casel, C. Richstatter, D. von Hildebrand, Damasus Winzen and F. X. Muench will come to life in history. These men formed a young generation of Germans, priests and lay people, as enthusiastic and apostolic as any JOC in France and Belgium. Nor should we forget Pius Parsch and the priests' magazines coming from Vienna and Dusseldorf, or Johannes Pinsk's powerful and outspoken one man show. And don't let us forget the powerful pied piper of Berlin: Father Karl Sonnenschein—who planned to make Berlin Catholic and was such an apostle that all Berlin, at least all the poor—communists, Catholics and Lutherans—walked in sorrow and tears behind his bier. I have yet to see one diocesan paper as lively, as popular, as intellectually satisfactory and in as good taste as his. But that is now all water over the dam, forgotten and minimized, criticized and belittled. Yet it was

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in this atmosphere that the great Pius XI groomed his future Secretary of State and successor. Eugenio Pacelli would not have had a heart had his first doctrinal encylical not been on the great topic of those days, before the torch was passed on to another runner in the arena—the free Catholics in America.

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I think that the Pope, as a good householder, in this encyclical intended to do this passing on of the torch himself—after purging and snuffing the wick, carefully and charitably. Unfortunately the encyclical was announced to us last summer under adverse headlines as something "against," —against the liturgical movement as we know it. At least that was the general impression. The opposite, however, is true. Of the seventy pages which it takes up in the edition issued by the National Catholic Welfare Conference, not even five pages are taken up by warnings, some of them not at all directly concerned with the main theme of the encyclical, all of them couched in charitable and impersonal terms. It really reprimands those anti-liturgists who make too much of certain uneven and rash exaggerations characteristic of a young movement.

The feeling of all who are engaged in the liturgical apostolate should therefore be one of deep gratitude. Pius XII has become, through this encylical, a champion of the liturgical movement himself. A great many members of the older clergy, especially some teachers in seminaries, have looked askance at it. Many feared that the doctrine of the Mystical Body was something so esoteric, if true at all, that it was nothing for the ordinary priest or the common people to be concerned with. There were such as to raise their eyebrows and hands in apprehension, when they heard that young Father So-and-So had given a sermon on it. But on page eight of my copy I read: "Some through empty fear look upon so profound a doctrine as something dangerous and so they fight shy of it as of the beautiful but forbidden fruit of Paradise. It is not so. Mysteries revealed by God cannot be harmful to men. Nor should they remain as treasures hidden in a field, useless." Our young priests should go out and reveal this mystery to the little ones, especially now that we have a sane and sober guide. It was the school theology of the past, ever since the Middle Ages, which failed us by making a stepchild out of this mystery. Its reaffirmation is now officially approved.

I remember very distinctly a controversy which went on for years among young writers in the old country on the character of the Church. If I am not mistaken, the terms, unfortunately, had been coined by non-Catholics, Rudolf Sohm, Adolf Harnack, Karl Heim and others. The problem was the apparent incompatibility of the Church as an organism of love and grace with the Church as an institution made of authority and law: the Church of the law as opposed to the Church of Grace. It probably went all the way back to Saint Paul and one might have found this problem in the writings of Catholics as well as in those of heretics. However that may be, in the 1920's many a young Catholic felt that there was a chasm between these two aspects and that in contemporary practice in pulpit, confessional and chancery, the "Church of Grace" received too little emphasis. They felt that cold legalism suppressed warm and living forces of charity, grace, joy and redemption. What was more natural than that they should flee to the ranks of the liturgical movement as one place where the Spirit was freeing itself from the shackles of dead and outmoded ritualism? These young men and women were gripped by a new bright vision of a Church all redemption, spirit and charity—the living Body of Christ. They could not conceive of her as principally sitting at desks in chanceries, collecting fees, throwing her weight of influence into the political scales; nuncios sitting at conference tables, and inexorably holding up endless "thou shalt nots," with nothing to encourage, to lift up, to compensate.

Germans are by nature anarchic and tend toward irrationalism. They sniff legalism where there is only law. They fear precise formulas as indelicate presumptions and easily confound freedom with the arbitrary—that is a reason why they are so easily wearied of their self-imposed anarchic liberty and willing to hand it over to a tyrant in order to relax in irresponsible and irrational mystic and abject obedience.

To them and to all of us who looked on the Mystical Body as something uncontaminated by the stark reality of a two-thousand-year-old Church of human beings and history, this encyclical brings a message of so much plain and sober common sense that it sounds laughably simple.

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A year or so ago I thought it would be more realistic if we dropped the word "mystical" entirely, because Saint Paul, who created the term "Body of Christ" never used "mystical" and, above all, because it seemed to convey something unrealistic or esoteric. The Pope now shows us that it is far better to keep this traditional term in spite of those fears, because the word mystical is not only generally accepted, but also because it prevents our generation from going astray in its thoughts. It distinguishes the Mystical Body clearly from Christ's own physical Body, now glorified in Heaven and mysteriously present in the Sacrament; and what is more important, from natural bodies, both physical and moral.

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This is really most important. In Germany there has always been a trend toward mystical collectivism, especially after the romantic period of the early nineteenth century. This tendency to merge one's person in the *Volk,* in the Universe (the "All"), in the community of the nation or church (an Eastern thought which recurs in the Russian *Sobornosti* and the Indian *philosophies*) appealed to the Germanic mind. The Pope knows this and warns against it: "In a physical body the principle of unity so unites the parts that each lacks its own individual subsistence; hand and eye do not have individuality of independence; on the contrary, in the Mystical Body that mutual union, though intrinsic, links the members by a bond which *leaves to each intact his own personality.*" There was a latent threat of spiritual collectivism in one wing of the German liturgical movement which may have conditioned some souls for the later invasion by nazi *Volk* ideology. With astonishing simplicity the Pope puts his finger here on relations which are of the utmost importance for an understanding of several things that amazed non-German Catholics in the years after 1933.

But the warnings do not all go one way. The more judicial mind of western and southern Catholicism receives its share. Its potential vice lies in the opposite direction: the more rational and legal approach, the Latin love of dogmatic precision and a certain superficial realism. The Anglo-Saxon tendency to confuse morality with all of religion is taken to task in subsequent passages. If the Church is not exactly represented by the image of a natural body, which would be destructive of individual personality, she is neither exactly what so many latter generations of Christians have deemed her to be, a mere "moral" unit or body whose "principle of union is nothing more than the common end and the common cooperation of all under authority for the attainment of that end," namely eternal salvation, this conception would degrade her to a sort of society for the furthering and saving of souls, although a big, supremely organized one.

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That is, alas, exactly what we have been given as an over-all impression. Little has been said concerning the fact which the Pope stresses: that "this collaboration is supplemented by a distinct internal principle which exists effectively in the whole and in each of its parts" and which is none other than the Holy Spirit, the Soul of the Church. When we began to hear this twenty years ago it sounded bold. In the prayers of the Missal we find it; in Saint Paul, in Saint Augustine and in dogmatic treatises. But our pulpits, retreats and devotional productions "fought shy of it." Pius XII has given this greatest treasure back to us and told us not to treat it as "treasure hidden in a field, useless." This, according to the Pope, is one of the reasons why we should use the word "Mystical" Body: the Church is not a mere moral body, like a state, a school board or a pious sodality, but more, nor is it "made up of merely moral and juridical principles and elements." The hierarchic and jurisdictional parts of the Church are vindicated repeatedly by the Pope as belonging to this Mystical Body. Often it appeared to the early followers of the liturgical revival as if they were opposed to the Church's charismatic, pneumatic reality: the Body of the sacraments of grace and charity. Compared with these sublime entities, law and organization appeared as so many concessions to world and human weakness. Here the Pope claims them as informed and animated parts of the Mystical Body, quickened by its very soul, the Spirit of Christ. This is a decisive contribution made by the encyclical towards final clarification and guidance.

The Pope makes it quite clear that all is still in flux within the dams of orthodoxy and that the discussion is not yet quite closed. From the "pernicious error of an imaginary Church [which] finds its origin and growth in charity," to which "somewhat contemptuously" is opposed another "called juridical," a "baseless distinction," on one side—from this to the lifeless fiction of a mere moral body on the other—there is a wide range of lawful discussion. The Pope invites "well-directed and earnest study," "clash of diverse opinions and their discussion, provided love of truth and due submission to the Church be the arbiter" and does not censor the various ways and diverse reasonings, "but also warns that *all our language is in analogies* and that this is in the last analysis 'a hidden mystery' which can never be fully disclosed and grasped and expressed in human language." This is a timely warning to those tendencies among us which are so visible nowadays and which impertinently have it all "mapped and charted": Heaven, Hell and Purgatory, mortal and venial sin; all is nicely defined and in a system, as if they were dealing with the floor plans of God's dwelling. We seem so often sadly oblivious of Saint Thomas's great teaching on the analogy of all our knowledge concerning God.*

*It cannot be the purpose of a magazine article to expound the whole content of seventy solemn pages crammed with doctrine, quotations and allusions. But may I mention that such interesting questions as these find an answer; what separates a soul from the Mystical Body: mortal sins? excommunication? The Pope's answer is: not mortal sin. Who is a member of the Mystical Body? The baptized alone or those who are in the state of grace through the baptism of desire? To many of man's questions there is as yet no definite answer; to others there will never be one, as the Pope warns us: this is a mystery and its full meaning can only be analogically seen. Therefore the Holy Father wants the clash of opinions to be limited only by love of truth and submission to its guardian.

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Nobody should be more grateful and joyful over this encyclical than the advocates of the liturgical movement, because their movement is by it taken out from under a cloud of suspicion. After all, the rediscovery of this great mystery was instrumental in its first launching. Its whole spirituality rests on it. Its striving for a better balance between the charismatic and juridical, between sacramental and moral Christianity, which at times let it tend too far toward the opposite, toward the current ailment of moralism and legalism, is now shown to have been a healthy reaction. The movement is now protected against those in it who have lost their equilibrium over their joyful discovery, and who tend to pour the baby out with the bath water.

The Pope puts his finger gently and kindly on the mistakes of such radicalism and points out how it may lead us astray. A sort of sacramental "monism" must have been preached by some of its advocates, although it cannot have been very widespread. This trend eliminated the essential difference between Creator and creature. We may have to look for this false "mysticism" in those circles which have been affected by recent Eastern orthodox theologians and their "Theandrism"—Soloviev, Berdyaev and perhaps Bulgakov—although it is hard to say, since the encylical, as a document of supreme authority, charitably mentions no names. But I remember distinctly that a small crowd of the "elect" went for a time completely "Eastern" in Europe and began to become very hard on the Western Church for its lack of understanding of Eastern "deification." Of course this is my personal guess, but since hardly any of the leading men in France, Belgium and Germany have seriously taught this doctrine, and certainly nobody in England or America, this seems to be about as close as we can get.

The Pope's warning against "Quietism" is certainly a lesson to remember. The practical neglect of the doctrine of grace and the relegating of our Sacraments from the foreground of common instruction and practice in favor of all-pervading moralism and legalism in certain circles, called for emphasis, strong and definite emphasis on grace. In spite of all theoretical safeguards and verbalizing, there is a tendency among the "Nordics," Anglo-Saxons, Celts and Teutons—Pelagius was a Celtic monk from Britain or Scotland—to put all the emphasis on the will, on actions, on morals, at the expense of reason, contemplation and grace. With the fervor of pioneers and the improvidence provoked by the lack of understanding around them, they may have gone too far—at least to the extent that Rome had reason to worry. Strangely enough, the same thing seems to happen at all times of real religious revival: see Saint James and Saint Paul, Pelagius and Saint Augustine, Luther and Trent, and in the Baroque Age, Madame Guyon and Fénelon. We even notice it among Protestants in John Wesley's great struggle with the German Pietists who almost wrecked his own reform. The Pope's renewed appeal for each member's "own personal freedom, responsibility and principles of conduct" (p. 53) is something nobody should understand better than our generation. Should we escape by might and main from the mystic collectivism of insane "Fuehrer" ideologies to be then ensnared by another mystic collectivism in the name of Christ's Mystical Body—misunderstood and tinged by the false mood of political body animated by the spirit of the flesh? It is a logical corollary that the Pope should also set those right who overstressed their "membership" and taught that you should only pray with the Church, thus killing all individual approach to God.

It seems strange that such a spiritual tendency should coincide with political surrender of the individual to the state, the nation and the proletariat as we have seen it in our dictatorships. This shows us that this encyclical which appeared so aloof, so distant from the clash of battle, is really a miraculously timely document. It is, one might almost say, an endorsement of the tendencies which gave us the four freedoms. It is a condemnation of collective totalitarianism in religion, an appeal for personal responsibility.

On the other hand: the public prayer, those orisons offered by the Church to Christ's Body and Spouse, "excel all other kind of prayer." But to draw from this fact—far too often neglected by our teaching and preaching, especially in our ordinary parish life—to draw the conclusion that "private [prayers] . . . should not be considered worth very much" ruins religion as a double relation of the soul to God and the mystical unity from soul to soul. How can anybody expect to "fill," to implement the solemn prayer of the Church with his own personal warmth unless he also prays by himself? Is it not so that now most of our faithful fall into the opposite error and look on common liturgical prayer as some official, public action of the clergy, so many dead rites, cold formulas, and curl up into their own little personality—alone with the Alone? Many even feel disturbed by the liturgy. The readjusting movement receives here an early warning, where the danger of dead collectivism in religion, of ritualism and of magic might lurk. Yet this is no practical danger for ninety-nine percent of all Catholics—theirs is the opposite: an unsound individualism; but it may be dangerous for the remaining one percent who may be the future spiritual leaders of a coming post-war generation, more communitarian, more bent on organic cohesion from man to man, than our ruggedly individualistic adults are now. Isolationism is not a dying old spinster only in politics!

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Report from New Orleans

TIM O'BRIEN

IT ALL started with the printing and distribution of a leaflet. It was a militant type of leaflet directed against anti-union forces and it contained some strong words. For instance, "We are doing all we can to defend Dorsey against these undemocratic communists and their framed-up charges; now these communist cowards are trying to smear us too, as well as the whole CIO and our Catholic Action paper. The communists lie as usual." The leaflet was dated Good Friday, 1943, and was signed in behalf of the Citizens Victory Committee for William Dorsey, by Chairman Father Jerome Drolet.

The William Dorsey referred to is president of local 207, International Longshoremen's and Warehousemen's Union, more popularly referred to as Harry Bridges's union. Dorsey, a Negro, and his fellow officers were the victims of strong-handed communist tactics and were ousted from their positions, even though they were duly elected by the membership. This action was taken without any attempt to get consent from the more than eight hundred members of the local (composed of warehouse and cotton compress workers). The officers of 207, with complete support from the rank and file members, resented and resisted these tactics which were being executed in behalf of Bridges by one of his lieutenants, Howard Goddard.

To attain their ends, the communist representatives raised charges to the effect that Dorsey had misused the funds of the local. But in selecting Dorsey's head as the first to roll in a "purge" the communists made their big error. Dorsey had done pioneer union work in organizing cotton and warehouse industries and had won a great respect for his honesty and devotion to the cause of Negro workers in New Orleans. Dorsey, with little help from the international, organized the major cotton compress companies and eighteen local warehouses.

Sensing injustice and discrimination behind the false charges and refusing to accede to the demands of the communists, Dorsey decided to fight to the last ditch and bring the case into the courts. To help Dorsey and his cause the Victory Committee was formed. According to a letter appealing for funds and signed by the Reverend Harry Maloney, S.S.J., the committee was described as "a group of conscientious men, many of whom are priests in our Catholic Churches." Public support for the committee was spontaneous and widespread. Finances adequate for the legal proceedings came in and the leaflet barrage went on apace. Father Drolet saw to it that generous publicity was given the cause through the *CIO-News Digest,* the local press and *Catholic Action of the South.* Help was solicited from the Association of Catholic Trade Unionists and its publication, the *Labor Leader.* Mass meetings were held.

While plans for the action were under way, local 207 was under the leadership of its "new" officers. Members constantly demonstrated their loyalty to Dorsey as the new officership shelved the many immediate and pressing economic problems of the local to expound the "second front" issue, the *Daily Worker* drive and other party pets. The communist question was made the basis of the legal action, which sought a mandatory injunction under which the legally elected officers would be restored to their positions in the union.

During all this time Goddard, reverting to type and obedient to party orders, did nothing to help his own cause along. He denied being a communist; his past was resurrected to haunt him. Evidence of his membership in the Abraham Lincoln Brigade was proven through pictures from *Life.* It was proved also that in 1938 he sponsored a dinner for Leo Gallagher, who was communist candidate for Attorney General in California. He was also associated with vociferous communists who protested the "little Voorhis Act" in California, which made registration of Communist Party members compulsory.

It was further revealed that Goddard, in 1939, and up until a now famous date, was in the front line ranks of the American Peace Mobilization and as a dutiful comrade turned patriotic at the right time. This same Goddard was fired by the executive board of the Smelter Workers Union in 1941 for devoting too much of his time to Communist Party business. On the floor of same union he was charged with selling out some workers.

The new and ruthless leadership refused to respect the membership's refusal of an outlay of money each month for the purchase of copies of the *Daily Worker.* Help was hired which was not needed and could not be afforded by the membership. The new clique barred Dorsey and other *bona fide* members from the union hall; Goddard openly associated with the state secretary of the Communist Party.

Another tactic that boomeranged on the communists was a smear letter written on 207's stationery by the "new" officers. The letter, addressed to Archbishop Rummel and others prominent in religious, civic and labor affairs, was a vain attempt to smear Father Drolet in a community where he was highly noted for his efforts in behalf of the Negro and labor. The New Orleans CIO Council resented this and replied

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through a letter to the Archbishop, in which it said, in part:

> From the beginning of the labor movement here Father Drolet has proven himself a true and courageous friend of labor. Working people in all walks of life have benefited by his advice and assistance. Words are inadequate to express our appreciation for the help Father Drolet has given the CIO here and it is our earnest hope that Your Excellency will continue to support and encourage Father Drolet.

Not a few other CIO groups added their protest. The textile workers in local 351 advised the Archbishop that Father Drolet had been "largely instrumental" in winning them nearly half a million dollars in wage increases at the Lane Cotton Mills.

Dorsey easily rode to victory in the court proceedings. Judge Viosca ruled that the charges were "without foundation." The communists went down in complete defeat legally and the case against them morally can be judged by their own actions. It proves that even though the communists are vigorous in their incitement of the racial issue, their respect for a Negro is only commensurate to the political gains resulting from exploiting him. They, like any reactionary group, will not hesitate to run roughshod over the Negro. The Victory Committee did a commendable job winning a decisive victory for democratic unionism. And the latest from Father Drolet is "that Dorsey is as happy as can be working hard for his membership."

The Stage & Screen

Doctors Disagree

REGRETTABLY, Rose Franken's second offering of the season can only be regarded as the most perfect exhibition of vainglory on the list for '43. In the ordinary course of production (the labyrinthine arrangement of fumbles known to the initiate as "the Broadway Method") it is often very difficult accurately to nail the praise or the blame, since if one follows the money (always the safest clue) one is usually apt to find control in the hands of some sort of middleman whose knowledge of the theater is exactly as infinitesimal as his respect for its public. However, as Miss Franken is here both playwright and director, and as her husband is her producer, it is obvious that she must be prepared to face the consequences of staging a play which might possibly, just possibly, have been of some interest to Warwick Deeping in the year 1902. Written, I believe, some ten years ago and originally designed as a story for one or other of the formula-magazines, the script presents a lady-surgeon torn between the exaggerated alternatives of marriage and her job; surrounds her with a couple of medicos, one of whom is honest and young, plus a senior whose reliance on "ethics" merely covers a lack of skill; and finally provides her with the opportunity to prove both genius and womanhood over a hastily contrived operating table. All this accomplished through lines whose unrelated mysticism is indescribable, although perhaps such examples as "I love you too much to love you!" and ". . . Science . . . cannot fill loins moulded for the bearing of children" will give you a fair idea. Needless to say, no precision of acting could harness such Icarian flights, and though Barbara O'Neil and Philip Ober as the protagonists did what they could, unfortunately the chiefest emotion they aroused was one of articulate irritation. As a vehicle for further professional employment, the script also offered a number of other hard-working actors a number of routine stereotypes rather than characters, and it is safe to say that not one of these conceptions bore the faintest relation either to life or to dream, or to the times or the town. In common with a number of her fellow writers, it appears that Miss Franken has been mainly occupied with gazing into the mirror rather than holding it up to nature. I can imagine no indulgence more silly or more stultifying for a practicing playwright. (*At the Bijou.*)

South Pacific

NOWHERE more apposite than on Broadway, the honored American maxim that *time is money and must be saved* has again boomeranged to produce a shambles of what might, I think, have been an important play. Although perhaps this is an anxious guess. Nevertheless, it seems to me that if Howard Rigsby and Dorothy Heyward had taken more time to think through their problem, and moreover if they had delivered its staging into the hands of a less static and dogmatic director than Lee Strasberg (whose system certainly demands more rehearsal than it can ever receive) it seems to me that we should have had the most timely and adult production of this year of the war. In dealing with the provocative situation of two American torpedo victims, one Negro and one white, arriving on a Japanese-held island in the South Pacific where the only evidence of Western democratic thought is characterized by a missionary-educated native doctor and a young native teacher, and in outlining the dilemma of the American Negro in this situation, the authors have presented a theme which is national in its implications and must certainly be of burning interest to any citizen. And it is not in the rather feeble generalization of their conclusion that I think the authors are at fault—certainly there is very little reason for a pair of playwrights to solve a social problem obviously confounding to every enlightened interest in our country. It is in the structural and intellectual weakness of their script that they have defeated their idea. To have opposed an embittered and relentless Harlem Negro to the varying ideologies of Japanese tyranny, aboriginal custom, democratic freedom and Christian fellowship was indeed very good stuff, and the ensuing conflicts should at least have provided drama if not a unified play. However, to have set the chief conflict between this same Negro and a young native girl—Bible-teacher of the island—whose character is never articulate and whose religion appears to be that of the purest Christianity while her behavior remains at

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the same time peculiarly pagan, this sort of fundamental disparity reduces a possibly significant human document to the narrow proportions of a particular and unquestionably confused melodrama. And unfortunately there are further psychological and technical discrepancies (having miswritten her from the beginning, the authors never seem able to get their heroine off the stage, for instance) which indicate woeful incompetence or maybe just plain stupidity. I wish Miss Heyward and Mr. Rigsby had worked harder and longer and with more evidence of selection and craft. Their idea was worth it.

Physically speaking, the production was rich. Another of Boris Aronson's imaginative designs together with all the theatrical embellishment possible to a scene set in the tropics—accurate rain, sound-effects, and so forth. In the leading rôle, Canada Lee displayed virtuosity and emotional depth, although I don't think he should have been allowed to deliver so much of his long part directly over the footlights, as though into the camera which is never there. A child, Rudolph Whitaker, turned in the most arresting performance of the evening, I thought, as a native boy; and Frank Wilson a dignified job in a part which was all Hottentot and no English at all.

"It should have been better—it might have been good" is no recommendation for parting with the price of a theater ticket. However, any slightest proof of thought and reflection, even of inquiry, on our stage at present seems to this reviewer an excuse for some sort of fight. (*At the Cort.*)

KAPPO PHELAN.

One Man's Meat

WHILE ALL the mad skelter for "Ten Best" lists usually irks me, I find myself fairly amenable to the idea at this time of the year; and without too much coaxing I can be persuaded to name my preference from the year's crop. Furthermore, I really get conscientious about the whole thing as I realize that readers of a column are entitled to know where their reviewer stands; then when they read his criticism of a forthcoming film they have some idea of whether they are likely to agree or disagree. Of course a summary list like this is personal; and so it should be, for it really reveals more about me and my likes and dislikes than about the state of cinema.

"Desert Victory" is in my estimation the film of the year. This splendid English documentary, one of the most impressive war films I have ever seen, uses vivid pictures, maps, a well-written commentary and an excellent sound track, to tell the story of the victorious British Eighth Army as they chased Rommel's Afrika Korps from Egypt to Tripoli. The picture's high point is the night battle of El Alamein; but the entire film, which was made under the supervision of Lt. Col. David MacDonald, succeeds in making clear the plan, purpose and result of the campaign, and stands as an outstanding achievement in cinema.

"The Battle of Russia," directed by Lt. Col. Anatole Litvak, is my favorite of the five orientation films made by the Special Services Division of the War Department, under the supervision of Lt. Col. Frank Capra. This picture, which consists of well edited pieces of many other films, tells in eloquent cinema of the Russians'

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defense of their country. Although only items one and five in this series called "Why We Fight" (made to be shown to members of the armed forces) were released for the general public, the entire series deserves commendation for its visualization and excellent treatment of difficult subject matter.

The feature films that follow are not arranged in order of preference, but are grouped, more or less according to subject matter. I tap:

"The Moon Is Down"—because it is the best of the occupied-country films. While we have no great knowledge of what is actually going on in these countries, the conditions portrayed in this film seem most realistic of any of the group that covered the subject. Nunnally Johnson's script made from John Steinbeck's novel emphasizes characterization more than melodramatics. The camera reveals, in serious study, the disintegration of the Germans and their failure to vanquish the Norwegians.

"Watch on the Rhine"—for its provocative and moving script made from Lillian Hellman's play, for its sincere and clear statements about why fascism must be fought everywhere, and for the first-rate performance of Paul Lukas as the man who lives his convictions.

"The Ox-Bow Incident"—because it is a powerful social document and succeeds, through William A. Wellman's excellent direction and some very good acting, in dramatizing the evils of lynching.

"The Human Comedy"—because it is just what its title implies, and because Clarence Brown's direction of a good cast has caught well Saroyan's love of the little people of America.

"Holy Matrimony"—because it is the most delightful escapist comedy of the year and in it Monty Woolley and Gracie Fields give performances of great warmth and understanding.

"The More the Merrier"—because, in spite of the fact that it peters out toward the end, it is a hilarious satire on crowded war-time Washington, and George Stevens's direction of his merry cast is brilliant.

"Shadow of a Doubt"—for Alfred Hitchcock's thrilling build-up and suspense in this psychological study of a middle class American family. Teresa Wright, Joseph Cotten and young Edna May Wonnacott deserve a hand for their fine acting.

"Saludos Amigos"—for its originality and for the good neighborliness of Walt Disney's spirited animated cartoons.

"This Is the Army"—for Irving Berlin's first-rate music and Warner Brothers' splendid production of this Army musical. While no one would really say "This Is the Army," the film has caught beautifully the robust spirit and camaraderie of our soldiers.

And of the war films, I should like to give special laurels to: *"Guadalcanal Diary"* for capturing in film the feelings of fighters as they attack and for its unostentatious portrayal of heroes in action; *"Corvette K-225"* for its splendid sea photography; *"Air Force"* for its honest portrait of the crew of a flying fortress during those trying days of December, 1941; *"Action in the North Atlantic"* for its moving study of the Merchant Marines on duty; and *"Sahara"* for Zoltan Korda's realistic direction of a good all-male cast in an exciting melodrama.

So much for my Oscars. Lest anyone complain of a few obvious omissions, I should like to call attention to the fact that "In Which We Serve," "Yankee Doodle Dandy," "Mrs. Miniver" and "Wake Island" were on my list last year. Any other omissions are most likely intentional. I have mentioned here more than ten films that I liked during the year; if the list is poison to you, you're entitled to name your own meat.

PHILIP T. HARTUNG.

Editors' Choice

SUNBURST. *Mauricio Magdaleno. Viking.* $2.50.

THE SIGNPOST. *E. Arnot Robertson. Macmillan.* $2.50.

Mexican Novel

ANITA BRENNER presents us with a remarkably smooth and flowing translation of what we are told is regarded in Mexico as one of the finest novels ever produced in that country. Its author is a young man—he was born in 1907—who has worked as a journalist, dramatist and movie script writer. This novel is essentially the tragedy of an Indian village in the State of Hidalgo. The tragedy began with the Conquistadores, some 400 years ago, and has continued with accelerating speed until now it seems almost beyond repair. The final catastrophe comes when these poor people are exploited by a man of their own race, in whom they had seen the promise of a better future and who they had thought would be their friend. That is the final blow, the final ramming home of the fact that they are born to be exploited, born to be treated as something less than human. It was bad enough to be oppressed by Spaniards. When one is oppressed by one's own, there is nothing left but despair.

And the despair is intensified by loss of social function. At least these Indians had been able in the past to work for their lords and masters, at however low wages, and however close to starvation. Now the hacienda is cultivated by machinery, and that machinery is operated by technically instructed manpower brought in from outside. The uttermost blow falls when the village even loses its name, when it officially receives the name of its final exploiter and becomes Villa Herrera instead of San Andrés de la Cal.

Mr. Magdaleno's most impressive achievement is his interpretation of these simple and oppressed and blighted people. He knows their weaknesses and does not conceal them, he also knows their goodness and their faith, and he does not mock. They are superstitious, timid, resentful of interference, even when it is interference for their own good. And yet essentially they retain their human dignity. His book is written in realistic fashion; it is certainly not for squeamish readers. And it is shot through with that deep Latin pessimism which we have come to accept as a sort of hallmark of Latin American literature. It is a pessimism Christian at root, but in this instance, as in so many others, it is not lightened by the Christian optimism which is its counterpart in those who retain the full heritage of faith, as distinguished from the faith's purely cultural legacy. Here is Christianity without even a vestige of sanctity.

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Refuge in Another World

THE ATTEMPT of the war-shattered soldier to flee from reality for a while through a forthrightly casual liaison seems to be commonplace enough in fact and fiction. And often the woman in the case has been desperately unhappy, too. If she is sensitive and sympathetic, and the soldier really falls in love with her, one result of this unholy partnership might be that the man regain hold of himself and return to the wars with resolution. That is one theory. Such was not the case with Tom Fairburn, the convalescing RAF pilot in E. Arnot Robertson's "The Signpost."

In fact, the forgetfulness which Tom found with Denyse, the wife of a French banker with whom she is still in love, did not cure him of his violent dread, his over-weaning fear of returning to action in the darker days of 1940. It is only when they become intensely absorbed in the life of a remote Irish village to which they have fled in a ramshackle car that Tom's real convalescence begins. When he actually builds a cottage, or the greater part of it with his own hands, he recovers.

It is difficult to imagine a sharper contrast. Tom and Denyse are unbelievers; both are well-traveled, highly educated, accustomed to luxuries, philosophic liberals without fixed principles and tolerant and humane. Kildooey is the most provincial village imaginable. Its power is Father Keith, a zealous, sincere, likeable pastor of souls, though on the domineering, gloomy, narrow side. The enemy is a spiteful Ulsterman storekeeper who knows too much and gloats maliciously over his power to bring to ruin the unsuspecting young Sean Sullivan.

"The Signpost" presents a convincing picture of remote Irish village life—its simplicity, ignorance of the world outside, poverty, warm hospitality and thoughtfulness, fierce personal emnities and unwillingness to forgive or forget, sociability, and intense awareness of what everyone there is doing. Only its religious fervor is missing. The story is told with considerable restraint and dignity; it has flights of genuine poetic feeling. The local characters are in touch with the war by radio but otherwise in 1940 they remain remarkably untouched by it all; yet they have their own private agonies. It is Tom and Denyse who express the hopelessness and pain of witnessing one's country apparently going down to defeat before overwhelming enemy brute strength and efficiency.

More Books of the Week

George M. Cohan. Ward Morehouse. Lippincott. $3.00.

LAST WEEK I noticed a girl at a service men's dance, and something about her face and manner prompted me to ask if she had been born in Ireland. Other girls there were more smartly dressed but, in patterning their smartness, they had lost the freshness of a free imagination. I have often wondered what might have been the career of George M. Cohan if *he* had been born in Ireland.

> Money and "hits" were the chief of his diet
> And yet George M. Cohan could never be quiet.

The restlessness, no doubt, was part of a sub-conscious discontent, because Cohan was smart enough to sense that the theatrical world was moving faster than he, and that he was not intelligent enough to catch up with it. Life to him was a script in which he cast himself for a star part, but revise it as he would, other men began to upstage him.

Here are the Sheed & Ward books the reading public liked most in 1943

GILBERT KEITH CHESTERTON
by Maisie Ward $4.50
No matter what has been written or will be written about G.K.C., this is the book you have to read for the complete Chesterton.

COMPANION TO THE SUMMA
by Walter Farrell, O.P., (4 vols.) $15.00
Every priest and seminarian wants this, every English-speaking person interested in Thomistic philosophy. Its rapid sales prove how great was the need it filled.

JUDGMENT OF THE NATIONS
by Christopher Dawson $2.50
To non-Catholic thinkers interested in the post-war world this book has been a highly acceptable introduction to Catholic thought on the subject. Dawson brings his wide knowledge of the history of civilization to bear on current problems.

CONFESSIONS OF ST. AUGUSTINE
tr. by F. J. Sheed $3.00
This new translation by its vitality and its fidelity to St. Augustine is winning new friends for the classic record of the struggles of a very human saint.

SPLENDOR OF SORROW
by Eddie Doherty $1.50
A Chicago newspaperman writes, vividly and with devotion, a book on the sorrows of Our Lady which nuns are having read to them as spiritual reading. An extraordinary thing and an extraordinary book.

THE LEONARD FEENEY OMNIBUS
$3.00
All that need be said is that this is Father Feeney's selection of the best of all his whimsically profound poems and essays.

THEY ARE PEOPLE
by Sister Mariella $3.00
A nun collects short stories about priests, monks and nuns by leading contemporary writers. Enjoyable reading.

THIS WAR IS THE PASSION
by Caryll Houselander $2.00
Another book of spiritual reading by the laity for the laity. A young girl working in an office in bombed London sees deep into the spiritual significance of war.

HERO OF THE HILLS
by Mary Fabyan Windeatt $1.75
The life of St. Benedict for young people by the author of **Lad of Lima.** Readable and inspiring. Boys and girls like it. You would, too.

PAGEANT OF THE POPES
by John Farrow $3.50
These brief, graphic sketches of all the popes from Peter to Pius XII won John Farrow the 1943 Catholic Literary Award to go with the best-movie award the Film Critics gave the author-director's **Wake Island.**

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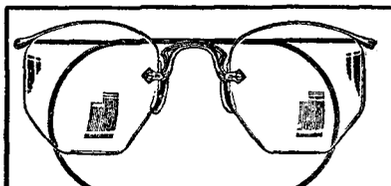
He was so used to rewriting parts that he revised his birth date, making it July 4th. The church register was July 3rd.

It was a great pity that the precocious little boy had to leave school when he was eight to go on the road with his parents, a vaudeville team who sang Irish songs and played homemade sketches of which George at high school age took over the writing. Before he was seventeen he had deposited a thousand dollars from his songs in the savings bank. At twenty-three, George wrote his first full-length play for the "Four Cohans" and rang down the curtain on vaudeville days, which remained, however, his happiest memory. In the next forty years he wrote as many plays and mostly acted in them. His theatrical background was wholesome, domestic and cheap, and he never either defiled or enriched it. He once wrote: "I don't honestly think I know seven or eight hundred words," and he never tried to enlarge that vocabulary. He made millions from his plays, which were scribbled down like his songs in the shortest time possible. "Seven Keys to Baldpate" was written in ten days. When Act I was on paper, Mr. Cohan cast the parts; when Act II was complete, rehearsals began; Act III was rewritten on the train *en route* for the opening. On the morning of April 6, 1917, Cohan, out in Great Neck, read the headlines of our declaration of war on Germany and jotted down words for the bugle calls which were sounding in his mind. By the time he reached New York, he had thought of some verses to add to his chorus and "Over There" was ready for circulation. In 1940, President Roosevelt presented George M. Cohan with the Congressional Medal for the greatest song of the First World War.

"Baldpate" and "The Tavern" show that Cohan had imagination, and there is penetrating psychology in his most subtle comedy, "Pigeons and People." As Nat Miller in O'Neill's "Ah, Wilderness," he proved that he might have been a great and a very sensitive actor had he acted in better plays than his own, but, alas, he had neither the taste nor the humility to appraise his own shortcomings. He was an artist starved by success. His most profitable years were as a partner of Sam H. Harris who had the Hebrew gift of appreciation of values. It was under Sam Harris's management that Cohan made his last successful appearance in "I'd Rather Be Right." He gained an ovation as President Roosevelt, but it was in singing Rodgers and Hart's songs in a Kaufman-Hart play. Pathetically and unethically Cohan substituted words of his own in a lyric about Alfred E. Smith on the opening night. Cohan's last appearance on Broadway was in 1940, in his own "Return of the Vagabond," which lasted just a week. "I'll never come back to New York," said Cohan, "they don't want me any more." Before the close of 1942, he had died.

Mr. Morehouse's biography is a newspaperman's valedictory to a friend. It is as guiltless of literary distinction as Mr. Cohan's plays and as generous in sentiment as the man who, when asked to contribute $100 to a tubercular fellow actor, wrote out a cheque for $10,000. The recipient of Cohan's bigheartedness promptly fainted. He hadn't realized how literally the "song and dance man" believed in a happy ending. E. V. R. WYATT.



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O River, Remember! Martha Ostenso. Dodd. $2.50.

THIS IS a rich and suggestive book, but it is curiously uneven. The basic idea of defining certain enduring conflicts in American social history in terms of the personal relations of two pioneer families is a very good one. It gives the author a chance to do some vivid, though not entirely original, work on the pioneer past, and it enables her to define, again in not entirely original but still lively terms, the old conflict between the acquisitive and creative strains in our national make-up. I'm not sure, however, that the book as a whole does not suffer both from its effort to hook on to the present world-wide conflict and its very casual emphasis on the social pattern. For the connections with even the ideological world crisis are rather loose, and the conflict between the acquisitive and the creative spirit is not exactly a new theme for the novel.

Of course, any great theme is an inexhaustible one for art, but with a theme that has been so vigorously exploited in abstract terms, it seems to me that the greatest contribution of art is to bring it to life and explore its inward recesses. The social relevance will be none the less apparent. Moreover, it is in the development of the personal, individual element that Miss Ostenso is most gifted. Her handling of the field of love is not always fresh and unselfconscious, but she does have many moving and lovely passages in her book. The finest thing is the study of Old Ivar. One feels that one has really come to know him and to enter into him. His very reticence has become eloquent. His helplessness with his expansive and dominating wife is a kind of vindication. And long after she is dead, he goes to the victims of her complacency with a sympathy and understanding which assuage the revenges of fortune. This is not an important book, but it is a suggestive one and an engaging one. HELEN C. WHITE.

Our Lady of the Birds. Louis J. A. Mercier. St. Anthony. $1.25.

BROTHER STEPHEN, who had lived in the world a long time and had thought and studied and worried and read books of philosophy and theology, turned to a Benedictine monastery to find peace and there goes to work as a lay brother. At first he was happy as he had never been before; and then in his joy he built a shrine to our Lady, our Lady of the birds.

Later, when questionings and drynesses and sad distress over that great question of evil in the world tormented Brother Stephen, our Lady answers him, through nature itself, through his fellow worker Brother Joseph, and through the Father Prior.

There are profound matters for meditation in this little 68-page book, most attractively printed and illustrated by Vincent Summers. It is filled with the sacramentality of life, this story of doubting man, coming to the realization that "the universe is alive with natural and supernatural life in an intertwined symphony."

Its last pages have the refrain, "God is love, and only love can make us like unto God." "Even now we are in heaven or hell, according to the measure of our love."

DOROTHY DAY.

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The Inner Forum

Apostle in Jamaica

IT IS twenty-two years since Father M. Oliver Semmes, S.J., began serving the poor Negroes of the streets, lanes and "yards" of Kingston, Jamaica, B. W. I. Among his illustrious Southern ancestors are Raphael Semmes, Captain of the famed Confederate privateer, *Alabama,* and another grandfather who was a Brigadier General in the Confederate Army. Father Semmes is seventy-five now, but he continues to minister to the slum-dwellers, beggars, prisoners, the sick and the insane of tropical Jamaica.

His day begins with the Mass he offers up at 3:30 A.M. From five to seven he is hearing confessions at the Cathedral of the Holy Trinity in Kingston. After breakfast he begins his visits to the Negro hovels (set four to twelve on each "yard"). *Jesuit Missions* describes each hut as "about the size of a kitchenette in a New York apartment house, and housing often seven or eight—or more—blacks of both sexes and all ages. . . ." Father Semmes brings them clothes and money, "he visits the sick, he anoints the dying, he instructs the ignorant, he consoles the afflicted . . ." He goes to the poor in order that the poor may come to him. He has lost count of his conversions, but he does know of eight hundred marriages at which he has officiated.

"Twice a week, for two hours in the mid-afternoon, the beggars come in droves to Father Semmes at the Cathedral Rectory. They are not chiefly the poor whom he has visited in the morning; they are the city's outcasts, of all creeds and of none. . . . They are in rags, barefoot, often dirty, usually sick or blind or crippled, and always, humanly speaking, hopeless. On Tuesdays they receive a penny [two cents]; on Fridays a penny, ha'penny. . . . For those who have nothing, even a penny is something, and a penny, ha'penny will buy them next day's breakfast. . . ."

In his catechetical instruction two evenings a week, Father Semmes uses a manual he himself wrote, emphasizing his devotion to the Blessed Sacrament. On Sundays Father Semmes offers Mass at the Kingston Prison or the Insane Asylum or both—for years special preferences of his. He has served in the Philippines, the deep South in this country and now in Jamaica, where he "has no time" for any but the poorest of the poor.

CONTRIBUTORS

Paule BERAULT is the pen name of a European Catholic writer intimately associated with various movements which concentrated their attention and interest on Catholic solutions to social, economic and political problems of the last twenty years.

Rev. H. A. REINHOLD is a priest of the diocese of Seattle at present doing research work in New York.

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E. V. R. WYATT is drama editor of the *Catholic World,* and frequently contributes articles and reviews to THE COMMONWEAL.

Helen C. WHITE is the author of "Watch in the Night" and other historical novels. She is also President of the American Association of University Women.

Dorothy DAY, a founder of the Catholic Worker, is the author of "From Union Square to Rome" and "House of Hospitality."

Stimulating and Thought-Provoking

THE TWILIGHT OF CAPITALISM AND THE WAR

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By WALTER JOHN MARX, Ph.D.
The Catholic University of America

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This book is a semi-popular analysis of the shortcomings of capitalism, of the causes of the modern breakdown in the social and economic order and of the possible trends in the future. The standpoint of the author is sociological rather than pure economic. The analysis is carried out, if not originally, at least thoughtfully and competently. The author rightly stresses that the shortcomings of capitalism are not something incidental and external to it, but inherent in its nature. Therefore, its breakdown is due not to a historical accident but has been generated by the forces of capitalism itself. In this way the author happily synthesizes the Marxian standpoint with that of the Papal encyclicals.

As to the way out of the present crisis, the author is semi-hopeful: if a profound religious revival occurs; if with it the family is reintegrated; if a deep ethical renaissance takes place; then a democratic re-organization of society along the lines of an ethical guild-socialism is possible. Otherwise, a form of totalitarianism is hardly avoidable.

One may disagree with some of the views of the author, but this does not hinder the book from constituting stimulating and thought-provoking reading for a large circle of intelligent readers.

—Pitirim A. Sorokin (Harvard University)
In The American Sociological Review

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